SHOW TIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY 9D
JANUARY 1964

SHIRLEY MacLAINE
IN IRMA LA DOUCE

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OF GEORGE CHAKIRIS

STEPHEN BOYD in
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

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SHOW TIME

The New Film Monthly
Interspan Press Services Ltd
12 Dyott Street, W.C.1.

JANUARY, 1964
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

Introducing SHOWTIME

THE first edition of a magazine is rather like the first day's shooting on a picture. Right from the beginning the people involved know what they want and they have a good idea of how they are going to get it. But, as with a film, in those early stages you do not necessarily set a definite pattern that will remain unchanged.

Producing a good film is the result of careful teamwork. New ideas are born every day, and any producer or director who has faith in his team will listen to those ideas. From them may come something that will make his production even better than he imagined.

And so it is with a magazine like Showtime. For Showtime it is now the first day of shooting. We know what we want: a high quality magazine that is the best of its kind.

Here is the first issue—and as such it should be a very special one.

Is it? That is for you to judge. It is you Showtime wants to please. To do that Showtime will always be bright and informative. It will call on the best writers to give you the best stories, and the best photographers to give you the best pictures.

Our aim is to promote and stimulate interest in films and film people. If we can do that we shall be happy.

The Editor

CONTENTS

	Page No.
Well, what would you do if your wife behaved like this?	4
The Mike Tomkies Column	6
Sandy as a problem child	8
Why they'll never ban the bomb	10
The image George Chakiris is anxious to smash	12
Why does Shirley drive herself so hard?	14
Bronston's New Baby . . . *The Fall of the Roman Empire*	16
The Dick Tatham Column	18
Why I made *The Victors*	21
My wonderful new world	24
Tremendous—this escapade in Disneyland	26
Stefanie Powers—the girl who is reluctant to become a star	27
Book-end	29

COVER
Stephen Boyd

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Doris and Garner *in* The Thrill Of It All

WELL,

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOUR WIFE

GARNER PROVES "MAVERICK" IS FAR BEHIND HIM

THE problem facing Doris Day in *The Thrill Of It All* is one that many a woman has faced: can she run a career *and* a home?

For Doris the problem is more difficult to cope with. Her career turns her into a TV star. And no female, however home-loving, wants to turn her back on the glitter and excitement of a showbusiness career. Well, it may not be too difficult to turn her back on the glitter and excitement—but what about the £27,000 a year that goes with it?

It all happens by accident. There's Doris—the happy wife of Dr. James Garner—shampooing her kid's hair and the kid refuses to be shampooed with one soap, favouring another: the Happy Soap Shampoo.

That evening Doris and Garner dine with one of Garner's patients who, it just so happens, is the son of Old Tom Fraleigh, the boss at Happy Soap.

Old Tom is watching his TV commercial and is unimpressed. Then Doris comes up with her remark: "Happy Soap saved my life."

Coaxed by Old Tom she tells her story. Her daughter wanted to be shampooed with Happy Soap because it made her "smell like her music teacher."

Before she knows it Doris is whisked away from bottling her own tomato ketchup, and she's in the TV studios talking to millions about Happy Soap.

Why does Shirley drive herself so hard ?

(Continued from page 15)

And what did Shirley do to get her part as Irma absolutely in key? To her there was only one way—spend time with the prostitutes themselves.

So to the "red light" district of Paris she went. She mixed with the "girls of easy virtue". She questioned them about their job.

"I felt sorry for all of them," she said afterwards. "Most of them had got into the profession by falling in love with men who talked them into it. I learned a lot, believe me. Certainly I couldn't have played the part without this first-hand knowledge."

Even Hollywood's most dedicated actresses had to admit that Shirley had gone a step further than they would have been willing to go for authenticity.

"But this is typical of Shirley," said a publicity executive. "She'll explore every avenue in an effort to get a part right. She'll end up exhausted but you'll get a rare performance that's difficult to forget."

The question that many people in Hollywood ask is: Why does Shirley go to such lengths to ensure perfection? Of course, she is a real professional. But is there more to it than that?

One view is that Shirley is a lonely girl. That, despite her family, for most of the time her career is all she has to keep her busy.

There is some truth in this. Shirley's marriage is, indeed, one of the strangest in showbusiness. She hardly ever sees her husband, Steve Parker—or her seven-year-old daughter, Stephanie. Parker lives 7,000 miles away in Tokyo and her daughter goes to school there.

"People ask me how we can possibly be happy when we spend half of our life apart," she says. "Well, the answer is that we are, so there."

Happily married they may be—but Shirley can't possibly get as much out of her marriage as other couples.

"Shirley's career is everything to her," says one close friend. "But she feels she has to justify the fact she spends so much time away from her husband and child. If she worked at her career half-heartedly she'd feel it wasn't worthwhile—she might just as well move to Japan. So she does exactly the opposite—she throws herself into her work with so much enthusiasm it's staggering."

Shirley says: "I have never been able to do anything half-heartedly. Least of all now. When I'm working I concentrate so much I never hear the director say 'cut'. I go on till the others walk off."

There is another point: Shirley is described as an odd-ball. But just how hard does she work to justify the image? Certainly it is important to her not to be stamped as a typical Hollywood type.

"People here in Hollywood have scripts written for them," she says. "They hardly ever seem to know what to feel. But I was out of place all the time.

"If producers ever told me to behave like a film star, I'd quit," she adds, finally. "To be a competent actress, I have to keep rubbing with humanity. But, then, that's not the reason I do it. I do it because I want to stay human. I want to learn about people—learn all the time. You can't relax. You've got to drive yourself hard—is there another way to live? If there is, I don't know it."

My Wonderful New World
by Jean Seberg

(Continued from page 25)

hate to talk about acting, because I've never heard an actor describe what he does without sounding like a dope. Still, I knew it must be the most wonderful thing in the world. And I was right. It is—now.

"You know, I've got this creative feeling about my work that I don't think I could ever feel in any other job—certainly not helping my father in his drugstore in Marshalltown, Iowa. Maybe," she laughed again, "if I had eight children I'd feel creative, too.

"It's a good time for me now," she continued. "I live here with my husband and we have our friends—writers, painters, directors. We go to each other's homes and talk for hours about anything and everything.

It's been worth it

"It's stimulating company. I'm not sociable in the film sense—I don't go much on these parties where you never know who's going to turn up."

Backed by successes in films like *Breathless* and *In The French Style*, Jean went back to America to make *Lilith*, with Warren Beatty. The director was Robert Rossen.

"I said to him the first day: 'Please *don't* shout at me. If you raise your voice I'll turn right round and go straight home, to Paris.' I guess he realised I meant it. That film went through just fine."

She pondered a moment, one small brown hand toying with her hair.

Then she said: "Sometimes I think of the old days and how terrible they were. But it's all been worth it. I'd go through it all again—a dozen times—to feel the way I feel now.

"Romain has made my wonderful new world complete. And I'm not frightened any more."

William Hall

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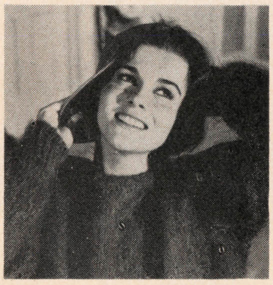
Continued from previous page

Janet Munro

I have seen all Janet Munro's films and I have never seen her give a bad performance. In recent years she has emerged as one of our most consistent actresses. Miss Munro's performance in her new film, Bitter Harvest, *is probably her best ever—that's the view of producer Julian Wintle, and I will not argue. In the film she plays a girl "buried alive" in a deserted pit village. She escapes to the bright lights of the city, where she has a chance of happiness, but turns her back on it. For Miss Munro it is her most demanding role—a role worth having. She doesn't waste it . . .*

Look out for Jill Curzon in Disney's *Dr. Syn.* She stars with Pat McGoohan and I predict she will do great things in the coming year . . . It was suggested to Sam Bronston that *El Cid* was, of all his films, his favourite. "I have no favourites," said Bronston. "As a producer I must like them all." . . . *Jason and the Argonauts* will probabiy be around your way again soon, if it isn't now. Go and see it. For my money it's the best bit of film fun in years . . .



Ann-Margret

Ann-Margret gives a tremendous performance in the new musical, Bye Bye Birdie, *and I can understand why Hollywood people predict she's going to be a big star very soon. Ann, however, is unimpressed by what people say. "Stardom? If it happens, it happens," she says. "There are lots of actresses who are stars and there are lots who aren't. Often those who aren't do better work and have more fun. It depends on your luck . . ."*

Stanley Baxter and Sally Smith

From Russia, With Love is going to be an even bigger success than *Dr. No.* It deserves to be—it is a better picture. Now Bond fans eagerly await the third in the series, *Goldfinger* . . . An honest girl is Sally Smith, who stars with James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips and Stanley Baxter in *And Daddy Came Too.* "Acting is the only job I can do," she says. "So I've got to make a success of it. I enjoy the business. I love people saying, 'There's Sally Smith,' when I walk down the street. And if they say I'm the prettiest girl at a party, I won't argue either. In this business a girl should never undersell herself. If you say you're not as good as people think there's a chance they'll believe you . . ."

Cindy Carol

Cindy Carol is the third actress to be seen in the role of Gidget. Sandra Dee and Deborah Walley were the first two. Cindy stars in the new Gidget film, Gidget Goes To Rome. *Her boy-friend in the picture is James Darren—and there's no change here. Darren played the boy-friend in the other two Gidget films.*

Marlon Brando, currently starring in *The Ugly American*, put a Tahitian room in his bungalow. During his many trips to the Polynesian archipelagos he collected grass mats, woven reed wall coverings and vegetable-dyed South Sea-type fabrics, all of which he combined for the interior decoration of his quarters. "Now" says Brando, "when I'm in that room I feel I'm on a tropical island . . ."

Bronston's Baby . . .

The Fall of the Roman Empire

(Continued from page 17)

I planned if it's really necessary."

Bronston is a producer who judges the success of his pictures only one way—by counting up how much they make at the box-office.

"No one can guarantee a box-office success," he said. "In the old days you could put a star in a picture and know it would make money. But things have changed. There no longer are stars who can assure a box-office success. Even the biggest names in the business have made films that flopped.

"Personally," he added, "I'm not influenced by big names. I have stars in my pictures because, usually, they're pretty professional. I paid Sophia Loren a million dollars to be in *Roman Empire*—but I wouldn't have given her a shilling if she hadn't been right for the part."

Although Bronston can be as tough and ruthless as any film man you're ever likely to meet, all those who work for him—from the stars to the tea-boy—respect him. He is a fair man. He'll put you on the carpet or fire you—but not without good reason.

Stephen Boyd told me: "Sam knows what he wants and he expects, quite naturally, that everyone working for him works as hard as he does—which is damn hard. He spends a lot of money on his films—he can't have people who slack."

Away from the film studio Bronston is a quiet, family man. He has a magnificent home in Madrid and when he's not at his office he can always be found there.

A publicity man on the film told me: "Sam seldom, if ever, goes out on the town. You'll never see him at a night-club. In fact, you get a feeling he has no leisure time."

Sometimes Bronston will have a few friends in for a small party—but even then he will never let his hair down.

"He's a shy man," it was explained to me. "He'll never put himself in a position where he can be laughed at. It would embarrass him terribly."

When a man has got millions of dollars at stake it's hardly surprising that he finds it difficult to unwind. And Bronston is continually spending millions—no sooner was *Roman Empire* completed than he was away with his next production, *Circus World*, starring John Wayne.

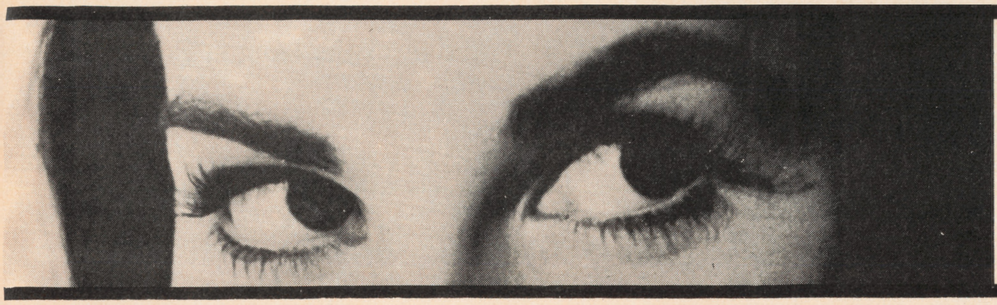
"A man like Bronston has to work all the time," Guinness told me. "To make the kind of pictures he makes you must always be in the chair."

And so Bronston is in the chair, at his Madrid office, worrying about his "new baby".

Need he worry? Advance reports say that *Roman Empire* is tremendous. Having watched Bronston's director, Anthony Mann, at work I can believe that. The scenes I saw being shot on location just outside Madrid were breathtaking. The film seems a certain winner.

But, as Bronston says, "You never know."

book end●



Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

Wisdom In Trouble Again

●It's over ten years since Norman Wisdom arrived at the studios for the first day's shooting on *Trouble In Store*.

Wisdom had proved a tremendous success on TV and in the theatre—but he had not been tried in films. The question was: could he prove as funny on the big screen?

Wisdom knew, before a live audience, he was at home. But to be the star of a picture and keep people laughing for over ninety minutes was a different matter. Making his first comedy became a very serious business. Other comedians had appeared in their own films and not met with the success they had experienced in the theatre and on TV.

But Wisdom need not have worried. *Trouble In Store* proved to be a colossal success. It broke box-office records and established him, right away, as a top film comedian.

Since then Wisdom's popularity has increased with each picture.

Now his tenth comedy for Rank, *A Stitch In Time*, is completed and many who have seen it say it is his best. Significantly it is the eighth to be produced by Hugh Stewart, the fourth to be directed by Robert Asher and the sixth to be written by Jack Davies.

In *A Stitch In Time*, again, Wisdom is in deep trouble. In the film he plays a butcher's assistant. But there's more to it than that. He is—or he tries to be—an angel of mercy bringing new hope to patients in a hospital.

Edward Chapman, Jerry Desmonde and Jeannette Sterke give Wisdom excellent support in helping to supply the laughs.

Few people who saw that famous screen shocker, What Ever Happened To Baby Jane? *will forget it. Now a new thriller is being planned by the same team. The title*? What Ever Happened To Cousin Charlotte? . . . *French actress Dany Saval is to play a leading part in the new Jerry Lewis film*, Leatherneck . . . *Darryl Zanuck has an interesting team for his next film—Tony Perkins and Marcello Mastroianni . . . Richard Burton has some strange costumes for* Night of the Iguana. *He will be seen wearing a double-breasted suit and T Shirt.* Iguana, *written by Tennessee Williams, stars Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Sue Lyon . . .*

Tuesday Weld is to star with William Holden in *The Greatest Job in the World* . . . Vera Miles is cast with Brian Keith and Brandon de Wilde in the new Disney film, *Wild Goose Stop* . . . Producer-Director Marc Lawrence is to film *Nightmare in the Sun*, starring John Derek, Ursula Andress, Aldo Ray and Rita Duncan . . . Mike Conners joins Jack Lemmon and Dorothy Provine for *Good Neighbour Sam*. Connors has won a seven-year contract with Columbia . . . (*Continued overleaf*)

Dressed as a nurse for his new role in A Stitch In Time.

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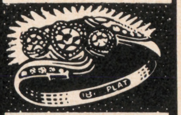

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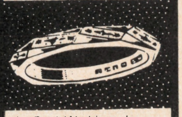

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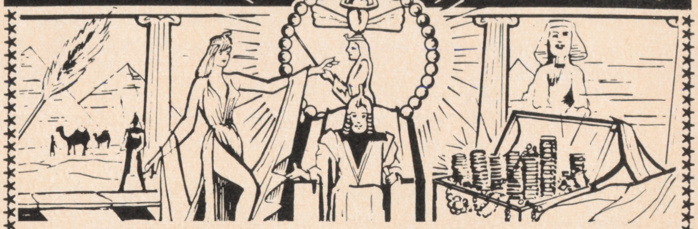

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Jack Hawkins says

'BEST FOR FILM NEWS AND PICTURES'

Jack Hawkins

Join the Stars and read

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films and filming

write for a free back issue 16 Buckingham Palace Road LONDON SW1

WHEN Stefanie Powers appeared in that taut drama, *Grip of Fear*, as Lee Remick's kid sister, showbusiness insiders nodded their heads in agreement: the girl was obviously star material.

Not a stunning beauty by any means. But a very pretty girl, with personality-plus and talent they were sure would stretch from Hollywood to everywhere.

Miss Power's performance in *Grip of Fear* was, no one could deny, quite something for a complete newcomer.

She was equally impressive in *The Interns* and now she gives a sparkling performance as John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara's daughter in *McLintock!*—a comedy set in the West.

After making the film, Wayne said of her: "She's a natural. If ever I saw a star for the future, it's this pretty bundle."

Miss Powers, of course, is delighted with the way her career is going. Yet, as I discovered when we met, at the back of her mind there is a secret fear—a fear that, at times, makes her wonder whether stardom is really for her.

"To begin with, I must explain myself," she said. "I am not the actress type. Of course, I love the work—but I'm more likely to run a mile when someone calls out my name, than put my hand up. Crowds frighten the life out of me and when people recognise me—yes they do sometimes!—I'm thrilled. But it worries me, too. I don't know quite what they expect me to say.

"I suppose the main trouble is I haven't been brought up to cope with all the things that come with being a success in pictures," she continued. "It's all happened so suddenly and I haven't nearly got used to it. I know some girls who could take it in their stride. Well, not me. I just worry."

Miss Powers, I can tell you, is not like any other actress I have met. She has a personality that is all her own.

"People come to me and say, 'Stefanie, if you play your cards the right way you'll be a big star'," she went on. "But there are some things that make me wonder whether I want to be a star—they make me wonder if I'm not better off now."

I invited her to explain her problems to me.

"The thing that worries me most about stardom is the fact your life becomes everyone's property," she began. "When I see all the publicity that the big names in showbusiness get, I tremble at the thought. Imagine not being able to take a step down the street without having a photographer at your heels. Or, worse still, imagine in times of trouble having to cope with questions. Now I can have my little upsets and no-one bothers me. But with a star it's different—the slightest thing happens to you and people are interested. That would get me down.

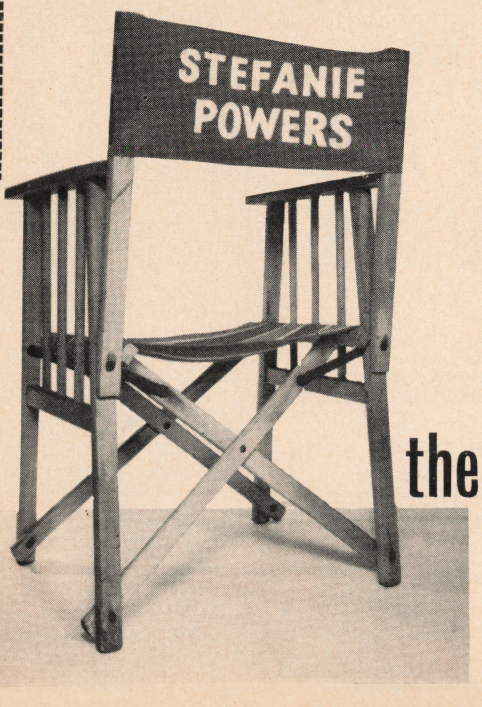
Stefanie in a scene from Grip of Fear, *the film which launched her.*

"There's another thing," she continued. "A star is expected to talk about her private life—let photographers into her home and discuss her latest romance. That I could never do. I really value my private life—it must remain private. I don't want people to know if I have a wall-to-wall carpet and a dozen TV sets. And I don't want people to know why I'm dating a particular boy—or why I'm not dating a particular boy. That's my business—it's my own little world and if everyone knew about it I wouldn't be happy.

Stefanie is wise to consider the problems that go with stardom.

"Believe me, I know that you have to sacrifice something when you make the grade in showbusiness," she told me. "To succeed in anything you have to pay the price—it's just that I wonder whether, in films, the price isn't a bit too high for me."

This is something Stefanie Powers will have to work out for herself. And she'll have to do it quickly. For, as Wayne said, if ever there was a star for the future it's this pretty bundle.



the girl who is reluctant to become a star

TREMENDOUS!

this escapade in DISNEYLAND

It took over a million separate drawings—yes, over a MILLION—to bring Walt Disney's latest animated cartoon feature, *The Sword in the Stone*, to the screen.

And, if you like statistics, let me add that 1,325,650 pencils were the tools of the 300-odd artists who did the work.

Fantastic figures, you may think. But see this film—which took three years to make—and you will soon see why it was all necessary.

The Sword in the Stone is Disney's first full-feature cartoon in three years—*One Hundred and One Dalmations* was his last—and it has been well worth waiting for. For my front-circle money it's his best film for a long, long time—and that's saying something.

The Sword in the Stone is based on the book by T. H. White. It tells the story of King Arthur's boyhood and his adventures with Merlin, the prophet, magician and benefactor of the young king.

For the film Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman have turned out some delightful music. The original melodies have some strange titles: "Higitus-Figitus", "A Most Befuddling Thing", "Mad Madam Mim" and "Blue Oak Tree".

As is always the case with Disney's cartoons, it is the colour and wonderful animation that makes one gasp. How does he do it? Each drawing is transferred directly to film by a reproduction process known as Xerography, the name coming from two Greek words meaning "dry" and "writing".

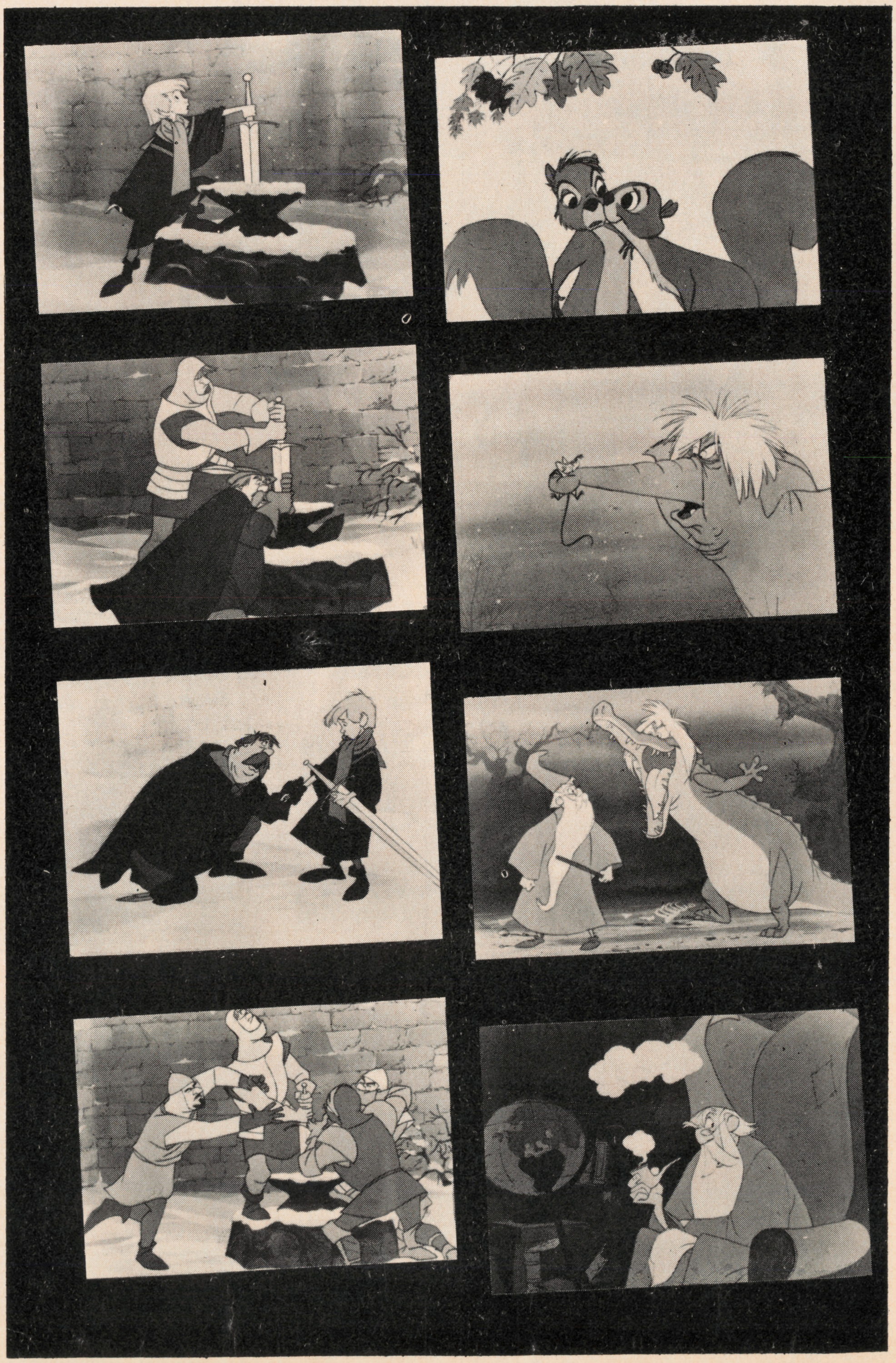
An integral part of this new technique is the use of XeroX, described by its inventors as a "clean, fast, dry direct positive, electrostatic copying process." Yes, that's what the man said!

XeroX has the effect of transferring every artistic touch laid down by the artist's pencil directly to the screen and thus greatly improving the movement, the feeling and the entertainment value of the animation.

To paint the characters on celluloid, the backgrounds and all the other colour effects in the film it required 800 gallons of paint, weighing almost five tons—enough to decorate the exteriors of 135 homes. Using a secret process Disney has always mixed his own colour in his own laboratories. For *The Sword in the Stone* he produced 1,000 different shades. Disney's paint is probably the most expensive in the world—excepting gold leaf itself. Counting research time and the actual mixing, it adds up to approximately 15 shillings a pint.

As with all Disney's productions *The Sword in the Stone* provides entertainment for every member of the family.

And the picture proves, once again, in this field of film making, he has no rivals.



Some scenes from
The Sword in the Stone

MY WONDERFUL NEW WORLD by JEAN SEBERG

SHE answered the door of her second floor flat in the Rue du Bac, wearing red. Her face was one big smile, her eyes were shining with happiness. And I didn't recognise her.

For the last time I saw Jean Seberg she was a shy, almost cringing creature, with her hair cut into a boy's crop and her small face taut with fear.

Fear for a lot of things. Of the world, for a start. Of her future as an actress after one of the biggest publicity junket-tours of all time. Of questions.

Fear, too, of her mentor—Otto Preminger.

For this Jean Seberg, with the cropped hair and frightened eyes, was the 17-year-old who had beaten 18,000 girls from all over the world to become St. Joan in Preminger's film.

The new Seberg—who recently married author Romain Gary—laughed with her blue eyes and invited me in.

"People who haven't seen me since those days often look right through me," she said. "Perhaps it's because I'm so happy. And why not? I am the greatest example of a very real fact, that all the publicity in the world will not make you a star, if you are not also an actress.

"You know" she went on, "I keep stopping during the day, and saying aloud, I'm so happy just to be *alive*. And all the good things happening to me . . . But once I thought it could never be this way."

She led the way through the tall, old rooms to the lounge with its comfortable but unexciting furniture.

I reflected Paris has been good to Jean. Her films are doing well and now she has found personal happiness that escaped her before.

She sat and talked, her fragile face aglow with pleasure.

"Right now I'm living the life I want," she said. "I'm spoiled by Romain and I love it. I went through a rough time, when things were so low and black that I didn't seem to have a future at all.

"First there was the trouble with the two Preminger films. He's a screamer. Both *St. Joan* and *Bonjour Tristesse* were failures for me. He knew it and I knew it. He dropped me like a used Kleenex. What really hurt me then was the fact I had to learn to act in front of the world.

"I know there are actors who can be inspired by having someone goad them on, but I'm not one of them. I just retired into a shell of defence, and couldn't *give* anything to the parts. I did my best, but all my confidence had been knocked out of me by Preminger. But that's all gone now. I'm sure he's sick of hearing my name, and I guess I'm tired of hearing his.

"My first marriage failed, too," she added "But at least it brought me to Paris."

At 20, Jean married French lawyer Francois Moureuil who had ambitions to be a film producer. They were divorced two years later.

"Frenchmen think you have to break in an American woman like a horse," she said at the time. "You have to comb it, run it, train it and beat it."

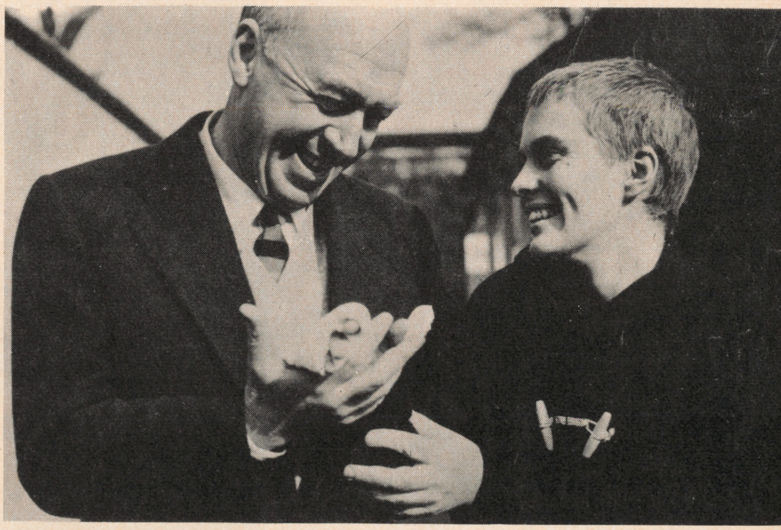
"That was about the lowest ebb in my whole life," she said now, the blue eyes clouding momentarily. "I asked him for a divorce. He said he wanted to make a film with me that we had been planning. I said, 'Okay, but I still want the divorce.' So we made the film. You know its title? *Playtime*!

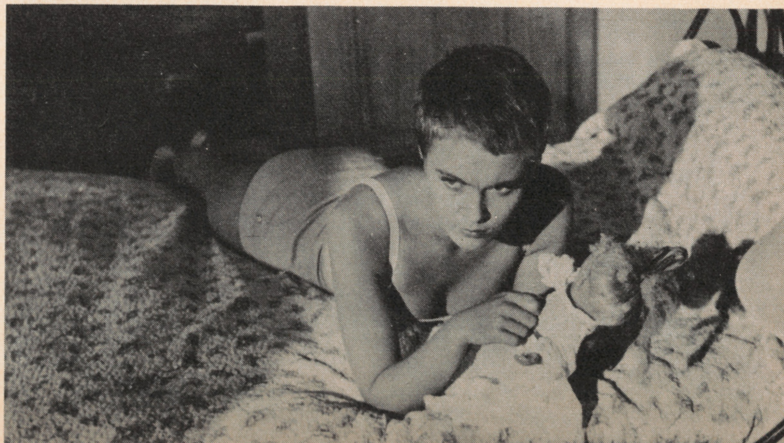
"After that there seemed nothing more for me to do except live up to the tag of the broken bird from the Middle West.

"But I'm a fighter, and I found people who had faith in me. I knew I'd be an actress since I was 12 years old and saw a film called *The Men*, with Marlon Brando starring. But I

(*Continued on page 32*)

They did find time to smile while making St. Joan*—Jean with Producer Preminger. Bottom: in a scene from* Bonjour Tristesse.





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So much did the story mean to me, in fact, that I could not hand over the script, as I usually do, to another director. I had to do it myself. The last time I considered doing that was on *High Noon*—but in the end Fred Zinnemann directed. This time, however, I knew I could not hand over to anyone.

The Victors is about people in war. Different people. It shows how they react to the situations that face them—and how they change.

In most stories you have the three basic characters—the hero, the heroine and the villain. Then you have a plot. The hero wants to rescue the heroine but the villain is standing in his way. Will the hero succeed? That's the question, and so the story takes shape.

But with *The Victors* there is no shape. There is no plot. And, as I say, there is no hero. People come and go—as in real life. Don't expect the film to be a neat little parcel—it isn't.

I said *The Victors* took more out of me than any other film and that's true. Of course *The Guns of Navarone*—which was a giant production—sucked every ounce of energy out of me. But I didn't direct that picture. Directing *The Victors* was a new kind of mental strain, especially as I was the producer and responsible for the script as well.

I wanted this film to be all mine—and now I will stand or fall with it.

HEROES OR FLAG WAVING

Jeanne Moreau—the screen's greatest actress

Romy Schneider gives a tremendous performance.

For me it has been a stimulating, if exhausting, experience. I enjoyed being in the creative saddle and in future I will not be satisfied always sitting in the producer's seat.

I was lucky, I know, to have such a splendid cast. In Eli Wallach I had one of America's most accomplished actors, and in George Peppard and George Hamilton two most exciting new stars. Jeanne Moreau is probably the screen's finest actress and she gives a remarkable performance. Romy Schneider and Melina Mercouri are also terrific.

However, it was the two German girls, Elke Sommer and Senta Berger, who surprised me most. They both worked hard to make their performances as realistic as possible and I was delighted with the results.

I think that was an important point: everyone worked hard and supported my enthusiasm—which was, I know, difficult to match. But we all felt we were doing something really exciting.

Even now the film is launched I can't relax. I've had some successful pictures in the past, but I never take it for granted the next one is going to be welcomed with open arms everywhere. Only time will tell.

One thing, however, is certain. After *The Victors* I don't want to make another picture about the war. I've said all I can about it in this film. I feel anything else would be pointless.

These are the Victors

As told to Peter Tipthorp

THE VICTORS - A STORY WITHOUT

WHY I MADE THE VICTORS

BY CARL FOREMAN

I have made a number of films in my time but, let me say straight away, my new film, *The Victors*, means more to me and has taken more out of me than any other I have brought to the screen.

Before I made *The Victors*, *High Noon* was my favourite. I'm pretty proud of that picture. But *The Victors* now beats it—if only by a short head.

Ten years ago I bought the book, 'The Human Kind', on which the film is based. It was written by Alexander Baron, and consists of three war stories based on his personal experiences.

I didn't film it then—quite frankly, I found it so realistic and unlike anything else I had adapted for the screen that I didn't know how to lick it. It excited me tremendously—but I couldn't see how to put it on the screen. Now I've made it, and the result is the best thing I've ever done—at least, that's how I see it!

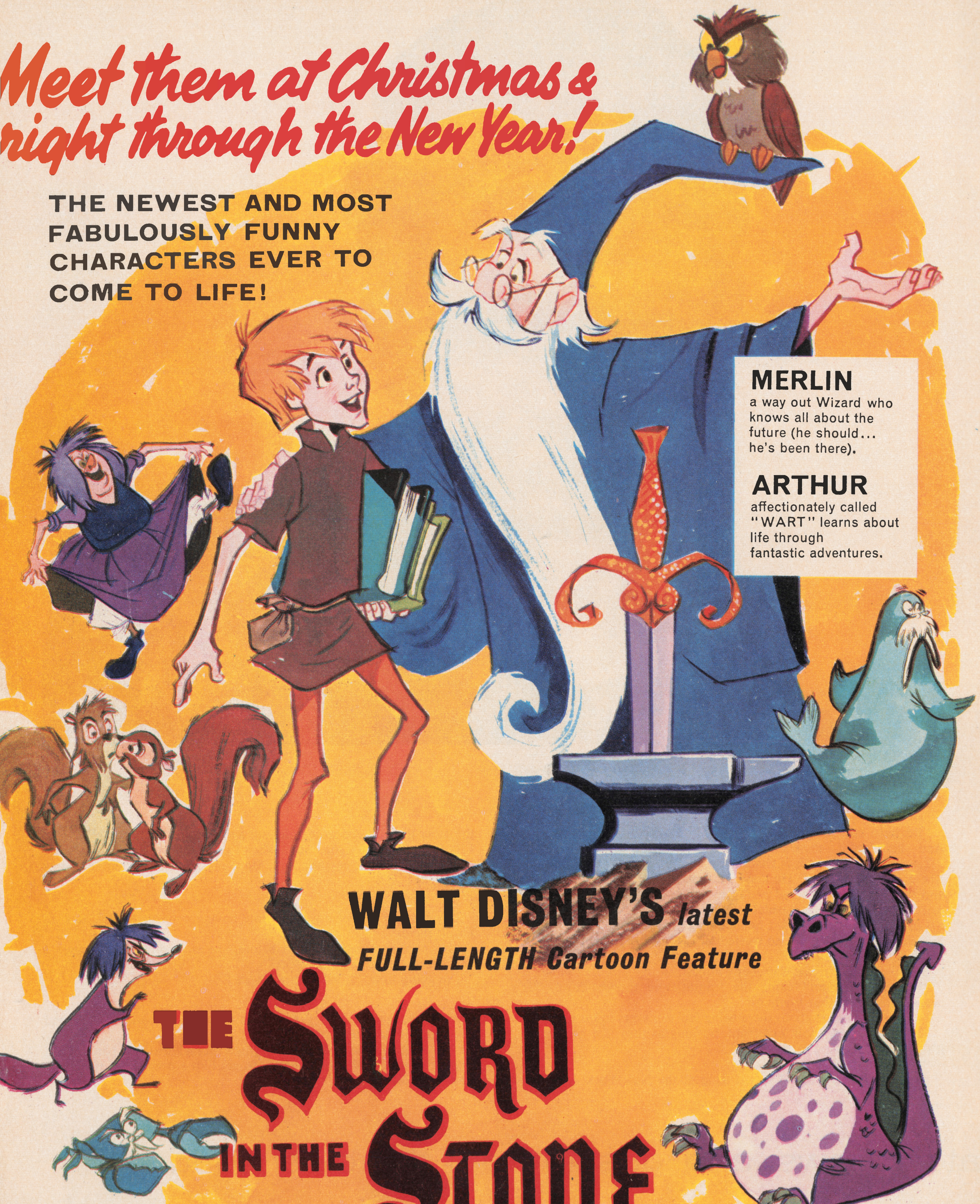
To begin with, *The Victors* is different from my other productions. It's a story of war, yes. It's hard and tough. But it has no heroes and no flag waving.

I made *The Victors* because I wanted to make a personal statement of the way I feel about war. And no statement could be more personal than this one.

(Continued overleaf)

Meet them at Christmas & right through the New Year!

THE NEWEST AND MOST FABULOUSLY FUNNY CHARACTERS EVER TO COME TO LIFE!



MERLIN
a way out Wizard who knows all about the future (he should... he's been there).

ARTHUR
affectionately called "WART" learns about life through fantastic adventures.

WALT DISNEY'S *latest*
***FULL-LENGTH* Cartoon Feature**

THE SWORD IN THE STONE

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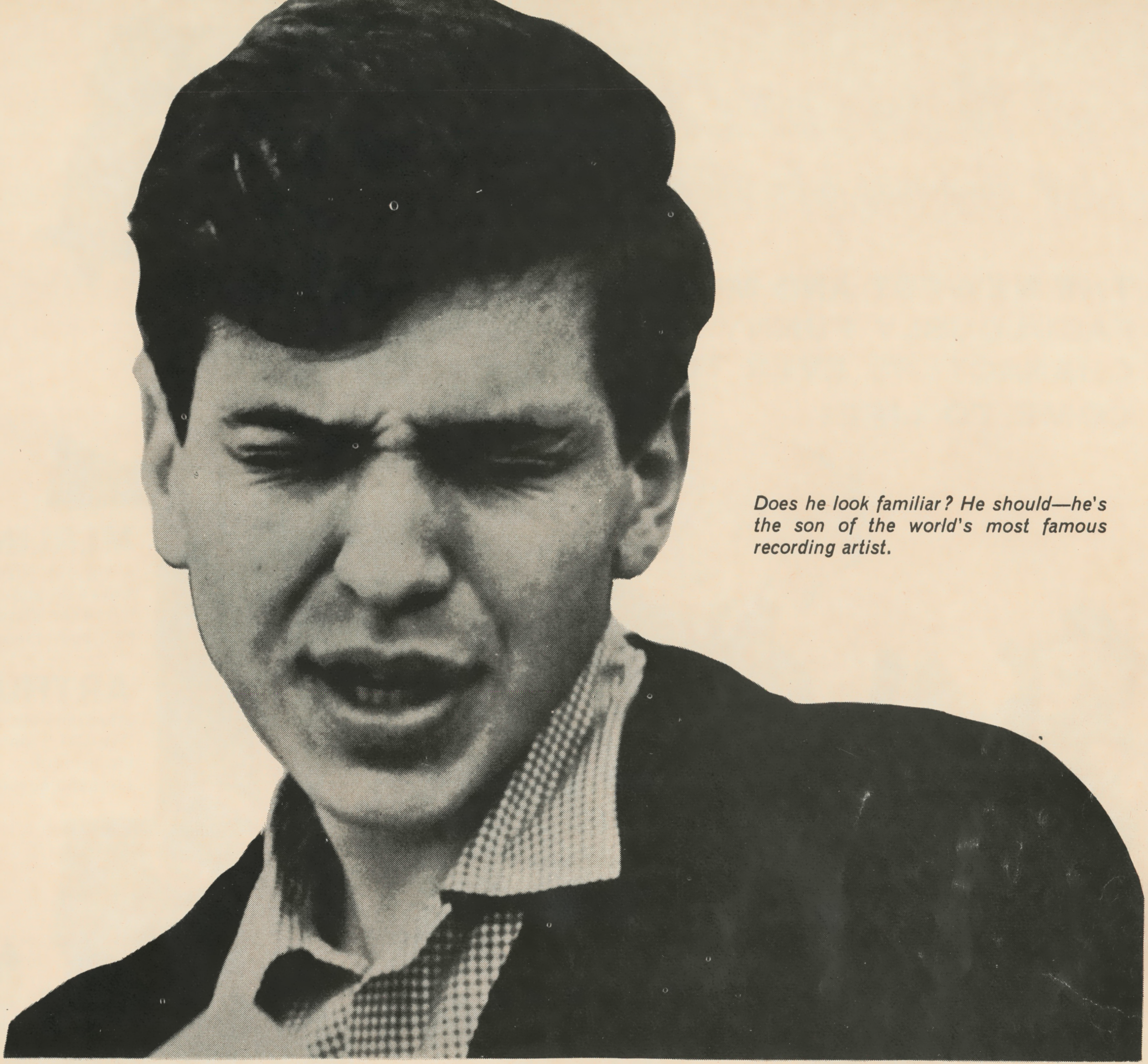
TECHNICOLOR!

MAD MADAM MIM
fun-loving demon who makes her own rules for evil games.



Does he look familiar? He should—he's the son of the world's most famous recording artist.

"I'd have still wanted to be a singer. I was born with the urge. And—let's face it—there's nothing else I can do!"

I sensed great strength of character in Sinatra junior. (No need to ask where *that* came from!) He knows his present novelty value will fade and that he will then stand or fall by how well he can sing. He's not scared. Nor does he soft-pedal his views . . .

I asked, for instance, what he thought of beat music. He could have hidden behind some trite and trusted phrase. Like: "It's not strictly for me, but it's a lot of fun."

But he didn't. He was slam-bang honest.

"It's an epidemic!" came the transatlantic thumbs-down. "It's degenerate. Sorry, but I *hate* it."

Nor does he hedge about there being few teenagers in his audiences.

"It's mostly older folk out front. So long as they like good songs, it's a pleasure to sing for them."

"How about screams, Frank?"

"Screams? I tell you—I was singing at the New York Americana the other night. Some woman let out a scream like a jet fighter. Frank, I thought, you're on your way. When I came off they told me a waiter had spilled hot coffee over her. Man, my ego's not been the same ever since . . ."

If you want to feel no pain while having a tooth drilled, talk to Frank Ifield.

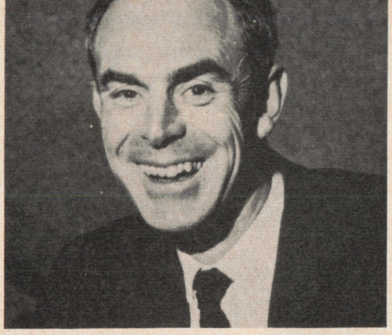
"I hypnotise myself for hours before," he assured me. "Tell myself I won't feel a thing. And it works!"

I'm going to try it. What can I loose?

About 'Erbert . . . Bert Weedon's puppet . . . I wondered who had inspired it. I asked Bert.

"No mystery," he said. "He has gingerish hair. Patched pants. Torn woollen jersey. And enough cheek to get him a permanent thick ear. That's exactly me at nine years old."

latest news and gossip from the disc world



the Dick Tatham colum

"Beat music? - I hate it!" says Frank Sinatra, Jnr.

When he comes on stage the welcome from the audience will scorch across the footlights. He will be quite tall. Seemingly shy. Slim as a mike stem. And—though they have never before set eyes on him—he will look *so* familiar. He will snap his fingers to the rhythm as the Dorsey band pulses out a brief, brassy intro . . . Then away he will go into his act—ring-a-dinging an up-tempo version of "Without A Song". This will be at London's Finsbury Park Astoria. January 18, 1964. He will then be 20 years and eight days old. Frank Sinatra junior . . .

For many who hear him, time will slip back two decades. By all reports, Frank Wayne Sinatra is the dead spit of his dad in the old swooner-crooner days. Same height: 5ft. 10ins. Same weight: ten stone. Same hungry features. And—above all—the same tender, disarming way with a song.

In America, massed matrons have already been wafted back to the bobbysox era by the sight and sound of Sinatra junior: by each heartfelt syllable of "This Love Of Mine", "I'll Never Smile Again" and other melodies. In Britain, countless fans of Sinatra senior must have been intrigued to learn his son was coming here.

I, too, was curious. I had reports from America that we would see the 1940 Sinatra all over again. This wasn't enough. I wanted to know what the new Sinatra was like *as a person.* So I pulled strings. Then one evening a voice on the transatlantic phone said, "This is Frank Sinatra junior . . ."

We talked 25 minutes. First thing I learned was that Frank junior's musical background is a bit different from the Hoboken beer joints in which his father learned to sell a song.

"I have a deep love of classical music," said the clear, friendly voice. "I was lucky enough to major in it at college. My favourite composers are Ravel, Debussy, Rachmaninoff. Jazz? I'll buy that, too. Especially people like Basie and Previn."

"Do you play any instruments?"

"Piano. Flute. French horn. Drums. Not well enough for public performance. Just for my own interest and to help in composing."

"Composing?"

"Yes. Works for piano . . . A few orchestral pieces . . ."

"You must be involved with your musical arrangements?"

"Sure. All the way. Some I do entirely myself. Others with a partner. If I could ever be a tenth as good as Nelson Riddle . . ."

The backgrounds may be different, but the artistic bond between father and son is firmly welded.

"My father has helped put me through my paces. And—more important—inspired me by his example. If they say I sing like him, that's fine by me. I'm proud to be his son.

"I've collected all his records since I was eight. I've seen all his films."

"Which are your favourites?"

"In films, *Man With the Golden Arm* and *Manchurian Candidate*. On disc, three LP's—'Songs For Swingin' Lovers', 'Sinatra and Strings', 'Only the Lonely'."

"Are *you* recording?"

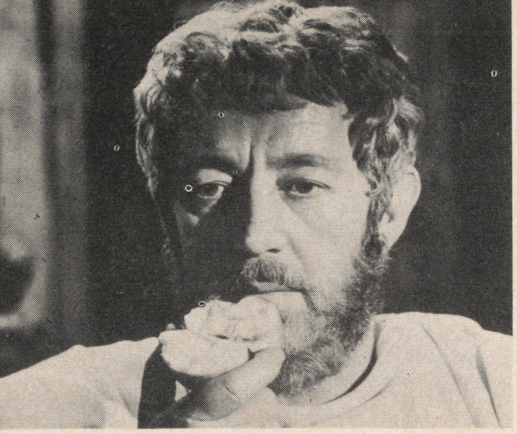
"No. I've had offers. But I need more experience. Later, maybe."

"If you hadn't been Sinatra's son . . ."

Britain's top pop writer brings you the

SOPHIA LOREN

BRONSTON'S NEW BABY.... THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE



Top: Alec Guinness relaxes after shooting a scene.
Centre: Mason and Sophia share a joke.
Bottom: Sophia and Boyd in one of the film's most dramatic scenes.

HE sits behind his desk in an elegant office in Madrid—a small; mild-looking, immaculately dressed man with a soft, persuasive voice.

He looks more like a family doctor than a film producer. That's until you see him in action: giving orders . . . making decisions . . . spending another million just like that.

Then you know how this man has become one of the world's most powerful and highly-respected film makers.

He is Samuel Bronston, who was responsible for *King of Kings*, *El Cid*, *55 Days at Peking* and whose new film, *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, will soon be premiered.

Spain has become the home of this dynamic man. You will not walk far through the streets of Madrid without seeing a sign somewhere which reads: Samuel Bronston Inc.

Perhaps *The Fall of the Roman Empire* is his most exciting production to date. It is against the splendour of the Roman Empire of the Second Century, and the last days of Emperor Marcus Aurelius, that he has set his story.

And what a cast he has assembled for the picture—Alec Guinness, who plays Aurelius, Sophia Loren, who plays his daughter, and Stephen Boyd, a Military Tribune of Rome who wins her love. James Mason, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Quayle, John Ireland, Mel Ferrer and Omar Sharif also star.

And how does Bronston feel as the day when he will launch his latest production draws closer? As we sat in his office I put it to him.

"I feel as I always feel—terrible," he told me. "This is, perhaps, the most agonising moment of all—the waiting. I worry more with each picture. Each one is a new baby. You can never be sure how people will react. You can only do your best and hope the reaction will be good.

"I will do anything to get quality. Money? I'll never say no to spending twice as much as

(Continued on page 30)

And it is true. Shirley *is* an 18-carat character-extraordinary. Not only that: she is a star of soaring talent and naturalness. People who saw her in *Some Came Running*, *The Apartment* and *The Loudest Whisper*, will agree that for sheer versatility she has no equal. But the interesting thing about Shirley is that few people—not even those who claim to know her well—realise that behind her ring-a-ding personality there is a very serious and introspective girl.

"Sure Shirley has a great talent and is a crazy character," says Bob Mitchum, her co-star in *Two For The See-saw*. "But sometimes you feel she is bursting inside. What meets the eye is good enough—but there's much more to her than that."

And Lemmon, who starred with her in that sensational picture, *The Apartment*, adds: "It's all very well looking upon Shirley as a clown—but she's something else as well. She's a dedicated actress. Some people think she just walks on to the set and gives out those tremendous performances, and that she doesn't take it all that seriously. Some people think wrong. There isn't an actress in Hollywood that I know who drives herself so hard to get a role right."

Shirley, too, knows that the image people have of her is not a true one.

"They say I'm an odd ball," she said. "And some people get the impression I am going to be carried away any minute in a straight-jacket. I may be a little eccentric, but I am not nuts.

"People get the wrong impression about me because I don't always conform," she added. "So the hell with them. I don't care!"

But Wilder says: "A girl couldn't work that hard and not care what people think. Take it from me—Shirley cares a lot."

Those who worked with Shirley on *Irma la Douce* know just how hard she drives herself when working on a part. In the film she plays a Paris prostitute. The story is described as one of "passion, bloodshed, desire and death. Everything, in fact, that makes life worth living."

(Continued on page 32)

HOTEL
CASANOVA
CHAMBRES
A LA JOURNEE
TOUT CONFORT
EAU COURANTE

Shirley as Irma

After completing his role with Shirley MacLaine in *Irma la Douce* an exhausted Jack Lemmon, her co-star in the picture, said: "I've worked with some actresses in my time, but that girl Shirley—she staggers me. Keeping up with her is more than a full-time job. You've got to work twenty times harder if you don't want to look like an amateur compared with her."

The director, Billy Wilder, put it another way: "In Hollywood there are actresses who can be funny, sexy or sad. But I know only one who is all three at the same time—Shirley."

And from her good friend, Dean Martin, comes this comment: "Shirley MacLaine is the hardest working and most talented actress in Hollywood. Sexy? Her legs are the best in Hollywood. They actually start at her shoulders."

The image most people have of Shirley MacLaine is that of an irresistible screwball; an infuriating, captivating cookie; a girl with an off-beat flavour that makes most other personalities look colourless.

WHY DOES SHIRLEY DRIVE HERSELF SO HARD?

"Is there any other way to live?" she asks. "If there is I don't know it."

the image GEORGE CHAKIRIS is anxious to smash

You may think—and not without good reason—that George Chakiris, the dark-eyed charmer who rocketed to fame in *West Side Story*, is a very contented young man.

Why shouldn't he be?

After working hard for several years—and getting nowhere—he suddenly won a leading part in the West End production of that great musical. He was later cast in the film and gave a performance that won him an Oscar.

Since then Chakiris has had little time to look back. His smouldering good looks, quiet charm and Grade A talent have won him leading parts in *Diamond Head*, *Flight From Ashiya* and *Kings Of The Sun*, with top Hollywood stars. Not bad for a boy who, a few years ago, was just a face in the chorus line!

Yes, in showbusiness terms Chakiris has "got it made". Scripts from top producers flood his home. He can't cope with all the work that comes his way. His future is gilt-edged and he should be riding on the crest of a wave.

But is he?

Chakiris was in town the other day—in connection with his new film, 633 *Squadron*—so I invited him round for a drink. Was he, I wanted to know, as satisfied as one imagined he should be?

As he eased himself on to the bar stool, he told me: "Quite frankly, I'm not at all satisfied. Far from it. I'm not satisfied with what I've done since *West Side Story*. The films I've made may be fine—but I didn't feel they were right for me."

He cracked the ice in his drink against the side of the glass.

Then: "Since *West Side Story* an annoying thing has happened—for some reason I'm being thought of as a romantic star. Now that's an image I certainly don't welcome, but it's happened—mainly through publicity, I think. Certainly I haven't had a studio building the image for me."

"Why," I asked, "don't you welcome this image?"

"To begin with it's very limiting," he said. "Once people start putting a tag on you—'sex symbol', or something like that—producers and directors only think of you in those kind of parts.

It's dangerous

"It's amazing how easily show people are led into thinking one thing or another. You've only got to have one man say, 'He's the romantic type', and before you know where you are every script you get calls for you to play a love-sick hero.

"It's not only limiting for an actor to find himself in that position—it's dangerous," went on Chakiris. "Especially if he's still learning—and I certainly am. At this stage of my career I've got to experiment. Try new things. With that romantic image hanging over you people aren't willing to chance you in something different. 'But George,' they say, 'it will ruin you.' Well, I haven't found myself as an actor yet. I don't know what I can do and what I can't—but I want to find out."

He thought for a while.

Then: "I don't want people to think I'm ungrateful. Damn it, before *West Side Story* came along I'd have settled for any sort of image. But I still wish I hadn't signed a contract, as I did. Like most actors who have had a tough time I was insecure. Of course, when I was making *West Side Story* and I was offered a contract I grabbed it. It was a mistake. Had I thought about it at the time—or had I been well advised—I wouldn't have signed. I should have realised that if I was a success in *West Side* I wouldn't need a contract and if I was a failure the contract would probably be dropped anyway."

He sipped his drink thoughtfully.

"You know," he said at last. "This sex-symbol business can get ridiculously out of hand. Suddenly you find yourself a teenage idol—but what does it mean? Young people change their minds so quickly these days and you can't be a teenage idol all your life. An actor must build something more lasting. Quite honestly I'd be willing to risk anything so long as it was different."

I asked Chakiris if, in a way, *West Side Story* has been a drawback for him.

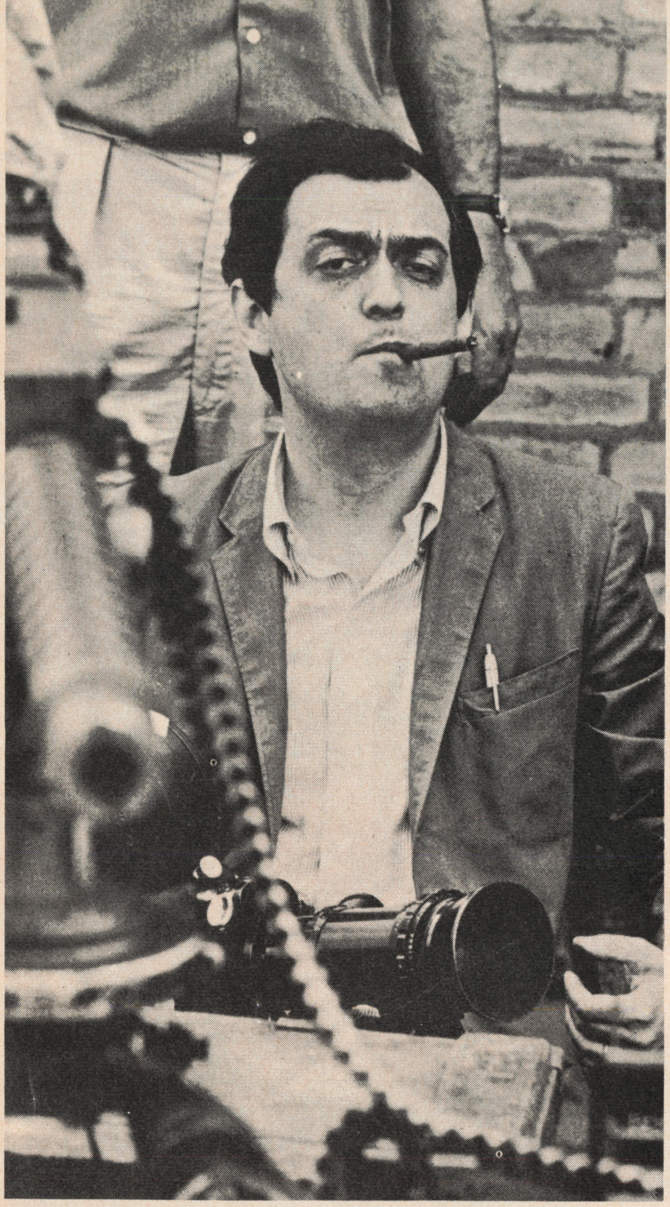
"It has," he said. "Perhaps it would have been better had it come later in my career. The trouble is, most films seem small in comparison. Let's face it—*West Side* was a terrific picture. You don't run into material like that every day. It really spoilt me.

"Never mind," he said, "I've learned to be patient—you've got to be. I don't know exactly what I want—but I'll recognise it when I see it. The main thing is to keep out of a rut—that's why I must smash this romantic image. That would put me in a rut in no time. I mustn't let it happen."

"At this stage of my career I've got to experiment," he says.

by
John Webster

Chakiris in West Side Story.



WHY THEY'LL NEVER BAN THE BOMB

by STANLEY KUBRICK

that inadvertent nuclear war is far more likely than a deliberate war. And that's perfectly true. Experts agree that a bomb is far more likely to be dropped by accident, miscalculation or madness than it is deliberately. It makes you think, doesn't it?

"In *Dr. Strangelove* we show just how infinite the possibilities of an inadvertent war are," continued Kubrick. "We make them more real to people. You could call the film a nightmare comedy. I hope, at least, it's good entertainment. But if people want to read more into it, that's fine."

He poured more coffee.

Then he said: "It's a terrible thought, I know, but I'm certain they'll never ban the bomb. Quite frankly, I think the Ban the Bomb demonstrators are wasting their time. I can't seriously imagine the world without the bomb now. And I'll tell you why. To begin with I think the bomb can help *stop* a war. While there's the bomb people will talk, discuss, argue—but because it's there, hanging over their heads, they'll do everything to come to some agreement.

You can't forget . . .

"And what would happen if they did do away with the bomb?" continued Kubrick. "Supposing there was a big international crisis—what would be the result? Simple—there would be one mad rush to make more bombs and the power that made them first would be laughing.

"That's what people don't remember—you can stop making bombs, but you can't forget what you've learned. The world will always know how to make bombs, so you've got to live with that fact."

In *Dr. Strangelove*, Kubrick worked Peter Sellers, his star, overtime. Sellers plays three important roles: the President of the United States, a German scientist and a Royal Air Force Captain.

"No, it wasn't a gimmick casting Sellers in three parts," Kubrick told me. "I wanted an actor in the main parts who could get the laughs by playing them straighter than straight. I couldn't think of anyone who could get across the bizarre kind of comedy better.

"The amazing thing about Sellers in *Dr. Strangelove* is how completely different he is in each role. I'd be willing to bet if people hadn't heard of him, and there had been nothing written about it, no one seeing the film would have noticed it was one actor in all three parts. That's how successful he is.

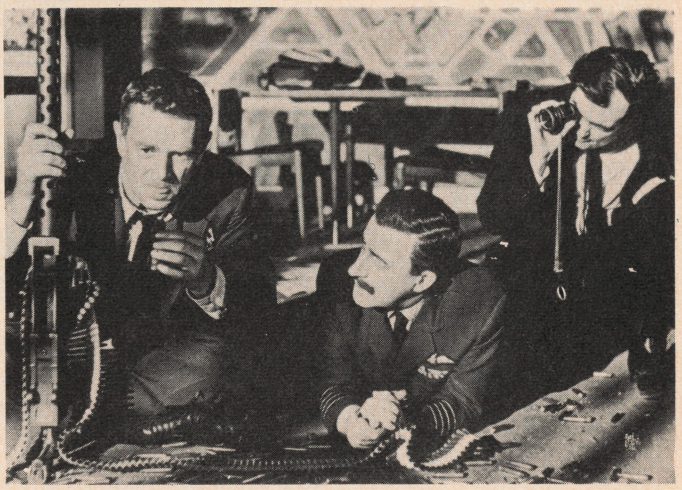
"I worked with Sellers on *Lolita*, so I knew he was right for the film. He has lots of good ideas. We're on the same wavelength. He *thinks* funny rather than *acts* funny and he gets across the nightmarish quality that is so important to a film like this."

Dr. Strangelove, or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb is an unusual title. And you can be sure the film will be unusual, too. Kubrick is not a man to settle for the ordinary. That's why people are always willing to queue to see his films.

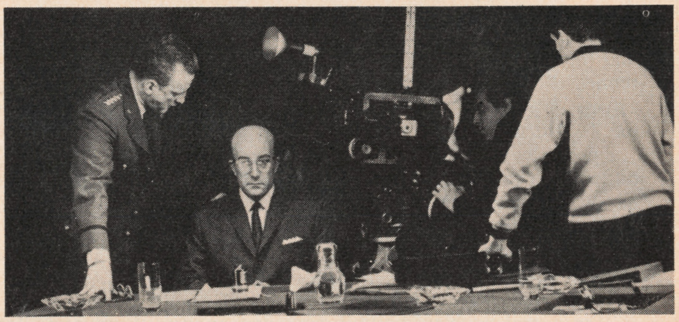
They'll queue to see *Dr. Strangelove*—there's no doubt in my mind about that.

A top producer gives his views on a subject close to everyone's heart . . .

Right: Kubrick poses for our photographer while filming.



With astonishing skill Peter Sellers puts himself into three characters for Dr. Strangelove.



STANLEY KUBRICK walked to the window and looked out at the jet as it streaked across the cold, blue sky. He watched it disappear over the naked trees in the distance, then turned to me and said: "It could be a 'plane just like that they'd carry the bomb in. A horrifying thought. In my film a psychotic U.S. general unleashes his wing of B-52 H bombers in an attack on Russia. Then the President of the United States is forced to co-operate with the Russians in an attempt to save the world. You think it couldn't happen? Well, I don't know so much."

Kubrick was talking about his latest production, *Dr. Strangelove, or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb*. Anyone who knows his work—he made *Spartacus*, *Paths of Glory* and *Lolita*—knows that a Kubrick film is a special film. Almost all his films are surrounded by a wave of controversy and *Dr. Strangelove* is likely to prove the most controversial of them all.

"Of course the bomb is something very much on everyone's mind," he said after settling in a chair. "It always will be. I'd hate to say my film has a 'message' on the subject of nuclear war. It has something to say, though—it points out

Problem Child

I'LL give Sandra Dee credit for one thing—she doesn't try to hide the fact she's just about the most ambitious girl in films.

While other actresses tell you stardom doesn't matter that much—and the most important thing is to become a good actress, Miss Dee replies: "Rubbish! Of course, it's important to be respected as an actress—but I want to be a movie star very badly. Critics don't bother me. I want to be a household name."

Since her marriage to Bobby Darin hit troubled waters ("The difficulties came when she surged ahead and he didn't," says a friend) Sandy has steeped herself in work. Her most recent film, *Take Her, She's Mine*, promises to be one of her best.

In the film Sandy plays a teenager who takes an adult interest in men—and James Stewart, playing her father, has his work cut out trying to keep her out of trouble.

"I'm a real problem child," explained Sandy. "I drive my father crazy. I expect most girls will see something of themselves in the part I play. It's a great role for me."

Since she was first given a chance in films, six years ago, Sandy has won herself many good parts.

"There's a reason she is in such demand," says Ross Hunter, who first gave her a break. "To begin with she looks like a movie star—and secondly she's got brains."

"It's important to look glamorous," says Sandy. "I wear pretty clothes. I take care of my hair. I look clean. Older people see me as the daughter they would like to have and with young people, maybe it's identifying with what they think they are or want to be."

However you look at it Sandy is a girl whose ambitions are being realised.

"When I first started," she explains, "I was one student among thirty empty desks, yet I had to raise my hand to go to the little girls' room—and when they had recreation time they even rang a bell for me. I did a screen test with John Saxon and my grandmother was horrified. 'Kissing a boy, and for all the world to see,' she kept saying."

That was the beginning. But now Sandy is on her way to join Liz Taylor, Doris Day and Sophia Loren right at the top.

At 21, and after only six years in the business, that's not bad going.

by Linda Pearson

Sandy doesn't have to look for work these days—producers stand in line to hand her scripts. And she is wise enough to read them all.

Left: Sandy in scenes with her screen father, James Stewart.

Sandy as a

"I want to be a movie star very badly," she says

column

I went to Eva Bartok—and got another earful of what it means to be known as a "star".

"Why do we read today of so many big stars going bankrupt?" she said. "People wonder, 'What on earth did they do with all their money?' But they don't understand—apart from high taxes—we HAVE to create the illusion of success and stardom.

" All right, if I had the luck to be the world's top box-office star I may not have to give such an illusion of stardom.

"I MIGHT buy a Rolls Royce, like I have now, but I could just as easily have a mini car and it would be much more practical. The same with my mink coats. I was thrilled, naturally, when I got my first mink and the Rolls and all the trappings of stardom.

"But now I am older and these things are not necessary for me personally, or even to make me feel good. But if I sold them now important producers would say, 'Oh, things must be going badly for Eva Bartok. She's selling up. We can pay her less, because it looks like she needs the money'. These symbols of success help you to keep up your salary. I have these things, not for me, but for a girl called Eva Bartok who earns a lot of money and must appear to be earning a lot!"

Big confession from Norman Wisdom, while making his new comedy, *A Stitch In Time*. He's not 45 as most people think. He's only 38.

"The truth," explained Norman, "is that I lied about my age years ago. I was told no comic could be any good until he was about 40, so I told Val Parnell that I was 32.

"Now that I'm older I naturally want to be taken for my right age, which is 38. I realise people think I'm 45, and this is an embarrassment —so I have got to tell the truth now."

Before it gets too complicated?

This crazy movie business: when the Mirisch company made *Kings Of The Sun* in Mexico—about the Mayan civilisation of 1,000 years ago—they just couldn't have all the cigarette ends, dropped by thousands of extras, showing up on the screen.

So they hired a man specially to pick them up.

And it wasn't Jack Benny.

Stephen Boyd found that liquor and hard work on a movie mix about as well as vodka and scotch. So when he made *The Third Secret*, with Jack Hawkins and Richard Attenborough, he cut it out.

How?

"Simple," said Steve. "I just practise psychocybernetics".

"What might that be?" I asked.

"It comes from the Greek," said Steve. "It means self-discipline of the mind. You can conquer all sorts of bad habits with it. It came out of a course of six lessons I took in self hypnosis.

"Only trouble was the course cost almost as much as the booze. Which is what I call a waste!"

After making *The Informers* at Pinewood, Margaret Whiting presented her actor husband Colin Blakely with a baby boy—and decided to retire from the screen.

"I intend now to play the role of mother," she said. "My family is what matters to me. Anyway, I'm not a dedicated actress. To me this art-above-everything caper is absolute nonsense—if in following it you don't eat. Doing a quality part for peanuts may satisfy somebody's soul but I prefer to satisfy my hunger.

"The kitchen sink dramas are not for me," she added. "If the truth be told, the only kind of kitchen sink I want is the one I stand at!"

● *The girl with a twinkle in her eye? Claudia Cardinale, of course. Miss Cardinale is in Spain making* Circus World *for Sam Bronston.*

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL THE STARS IN THE NEWS

the mike tomkies

It's not often a top star lets her hair down and says what's really in her heart. But Sylvia Syms did when we were talking about the film business in general and the problems of being a girl who's been at the top for some years.

"I sometimes feel my career is almost finished," she said. "I feel there are so many new young faces coming up. Oh, I don't know . . ."

"You must be joking," I said.

"I'm not," she assured me. "I'm absolutely serious! I know it's been a slow year in the British film industry, but 1963 was the first year in several years that I did not make three or four films. This past year I just did one—*The World Ten Times Over*. Normally I make lots of films. There just doesn't seem to be much being made.

"Oh, I do sound pessimistic. I have been offered stuff I have turned down, so I suppose I can't gripe. I turned down a picture that was to be made in South Africa, as I disagree with their racial policies. I'm sure I would have got into trouble as I just wouldn't have been able to keep my mouth shut. Also it was a big animal picture—and who notices you beside a couple of rhinos?"

"The rhinos?" I suggested.

"Well, I didn't think it was worth disrupting my family's life for." (Sylvia is married to Alan Edney, an export buyer for America. They adopted a boy, Benjamin, now almost three. Then Sylvia had a baby girl, Beatrice, who is just over a year old).

Sylvia went on: "I really do sometimes feel my career is over because there's so little being made that I really want to do. It's terrifying. Producers say, 'Oh, let's have a new face. We can't be bothered to pay a star's salary'. What is so irritating is the fact that an actress can be under contract for years and earn very little really. I've done something like twenty pictures now and it takes you a hell of a long time to get up to a star's salary, in this country, if you're a woman. Producers say: 'Oh, she's getting rather expensive—let's have a new face no-one knows'. That saves them paying someone £10,000. I'm sure that's the way they think.

"Oh, I've just had flu and I'm a bit depressed probably. I suppose I'm like most actresses, if I'm out of work I'm almost sure my career is finished. Once I'm working again I'm OK, but if I thought no one wanted to employ me any more it would really bother me. I'll say! We have lived very well over the last few years. We haven't saved very much, what with two children to bring up.

"Perhaps as far as my career goes, I'm just too damn fussy. I've been offered films but they were not quite the quality pictures I like to be in and therefore I wouldn't do them.

"In fact if I wanted to work and didn't care what I was in, I'd be working all the time, so I shouldn't really grumble."

Well, Sylvia starts soon on a new picture. She plays a model who marries a millionaire she doesn't love, because she wants a life of luxury—and pays the inevitable price.

And if ever the day comes when producers don't want Sylvia's considerable talents I, for one, will be extremely surprised. She's one of our best.

"Sometimes I feel my career is almost finished," says Sylvia Syms.

Peter Tipthorp takes a look at the new Doris Day comedy

Dr. Garner—oozing more charm than Kildare and Casey put together—is puzzled. There's no reason for her to work—they have all they want and the bank balance is healthy. Doris has an answer—bottling tomato ketchup is not fulfilling. Earning £27,000 a year is.

And, at first, Garner can see her point.

But soon grave doubts set in. When Doris dashes to a party, and her husband arrives home to find a cold note telling him where he can find his cold supper, he is nettled.

But worse follows. Instead of arriving home at 10.30 p.m.—as promised—Doris is still missing after 1 a.m.

When photographers invade the home and a dinner date is ruined by autograph hunters, Dr. Garner really explodes. But the last straw comes when he arrives home late one night and drives his car on to what he thinks is the back garden lawn.

He hadn't bargained for Happy Soap.

So tickled is Old Tom with his new TV star that he has had a swimming pool installed for her in one day.

The funniest scene in the film comes when the unsuspecting Garner drives his convertible straight into the pool, and is so surprised that all he can do is sit at the wheel and watch the water lap up around him as the car sinks.

Swimming to the side, he demands: "Where did that pool come from?"

A fair question, you might think—but Doris's reply does nothing to quench his anger and he decides to leave home.

The difficulties facing Doris can hardly get worse and by the end she sensibly realises that plugging a bar of soap is all very well, but no career girl can have her cake and eat it.

James Garner does a great job patching up the marital problems. He proves, once more, that "Maverick" is far behind him and that he is fast becoming one of the screen's finest comedians.

Doris—in some stunning gowns by Jean Louis—looks more delicious than ever before and she gives a performance that bursts at the seams.

Despite two infuriatingly precocious children (how could a nice couple like Doris and Garner raise such horrors?) *The Thrill Of It All* is a splendidly funny story of what can happen when Mum leaves the kitchen sink to rival Dad as the breadwinner.

In one of her moments of anguish, Doris asks: "What happened to my rights as a woman?"

An infuriated Garner storms back: "They grew and grew and stifled my rights as a man!"

Career-conscious girls take note.

BEHAVED LIKE THIS?

Doris and Garner
in The Thrill Of It All

WELL,

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOUR WIFE

GARNER PROVES "MAVERICK" IS FAR BEHIND HIM

The problem facing Doris Day in *The Thrill Of It All* is one that many a woman has faced: can she run a career *and* a home?

For Doris the problem is more difficult to cope with. Her career turns her into a TV star. And no female, however home-loving, wants to turn her back on the glitter and excitement of a showbusiness career. Well, it may not be too difficult to turn her back on the glitter and excitement—but what about the £27,000 a year that goes with it?

It all happens by accident. There's Doris—the happy wife of Dr. James Garner—shampooing her kid's hair and the kid refuses to be shampooed with one soap, favouring another: the Happy Soap Shampoo.

That evening Doris and Garner dine with one of Garner's patients who, it just so happens, is the son of Old Tom Fraleigh, the boss at Happy Soap.

Old Tom is watching his TV commercial and is unimpressed. Then Doris comes up with her remark: "Happy Soap saved my life."

Coaxed by Old Tom she tells her story. Her daughter wanted to be shampooed with Happy Soap because it made her "smell like her music teacher."

Before she knows it Doris is whisked away from bottling her own tomato ketchup, and she's in the TV studios talking to millions about Happy Soap.

SHOW TIME

The New Film Monthly
Interspan Press Services Ltd
12 Dyott Street, W.C.1.

JANUARY, 1964
VOLUME I, NUMBER I

Introducing SHOWTIME

THE first edition of a magazine is rather like the first day's shooting on a picture. Right from the beginning the people involved know what they want and they have a good idea of how they are going to get it. But, as with a film, in those early stages you do not necessarily set a definite pattern that will remain unchanged.

Producing a good film is the result of careful teamwork. New ideas are born every day, and any producer or director who has faith in his team will listen to those ideas. From them may come something that will make his production even better than he imagined.

And so it is with a magazine like Showtime. For Showtime it is now the first day of shooting. We know what we want: a high quality magazine that is the best of its kind.

Here is the first issue—and as such it should be a very special one.

Is it? That is for you to judge. It is you Showtime wants to please. To do that Showtime will always be bright and informative. It will call on the best writers to give you the best stories, and the best photographers to give you the best pictures.

Our aim is to promote and stimulate interest in films and film people. If we can do that we shall be happy.

The Editor

CONTENTS

Page No.
Well, what would you do if your wife behaved like this? 4
The Mike Tomkies Column 6
Sandy as a problem child 8
Why they'll never ban the bomb 10
The image George Chakiris is anxious to smash 12
Why does Shirley drive herself so hard? 14
Bronston's New Baby . . . *The Fall of the Roman Empire* 16
The Dick Tatham Column 18
Why I made *The Victors* 21
My wonderful new world 24
Tremendous—this escapade in Disneyland 26
Stefanie Powers—the girl who is reluctant to become a star 27
Book-end 29

COVER
Stephen Boyd

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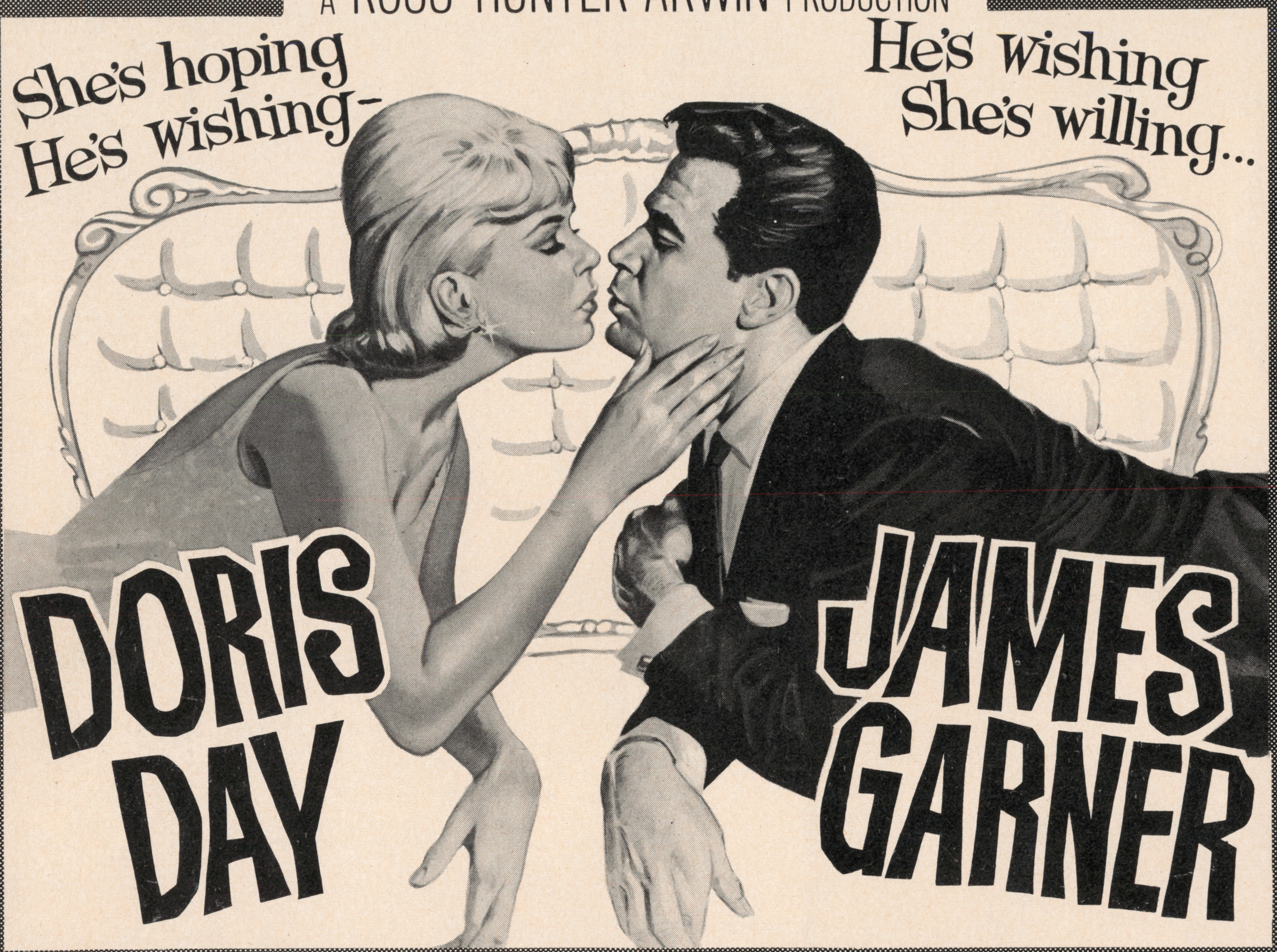
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JAMES
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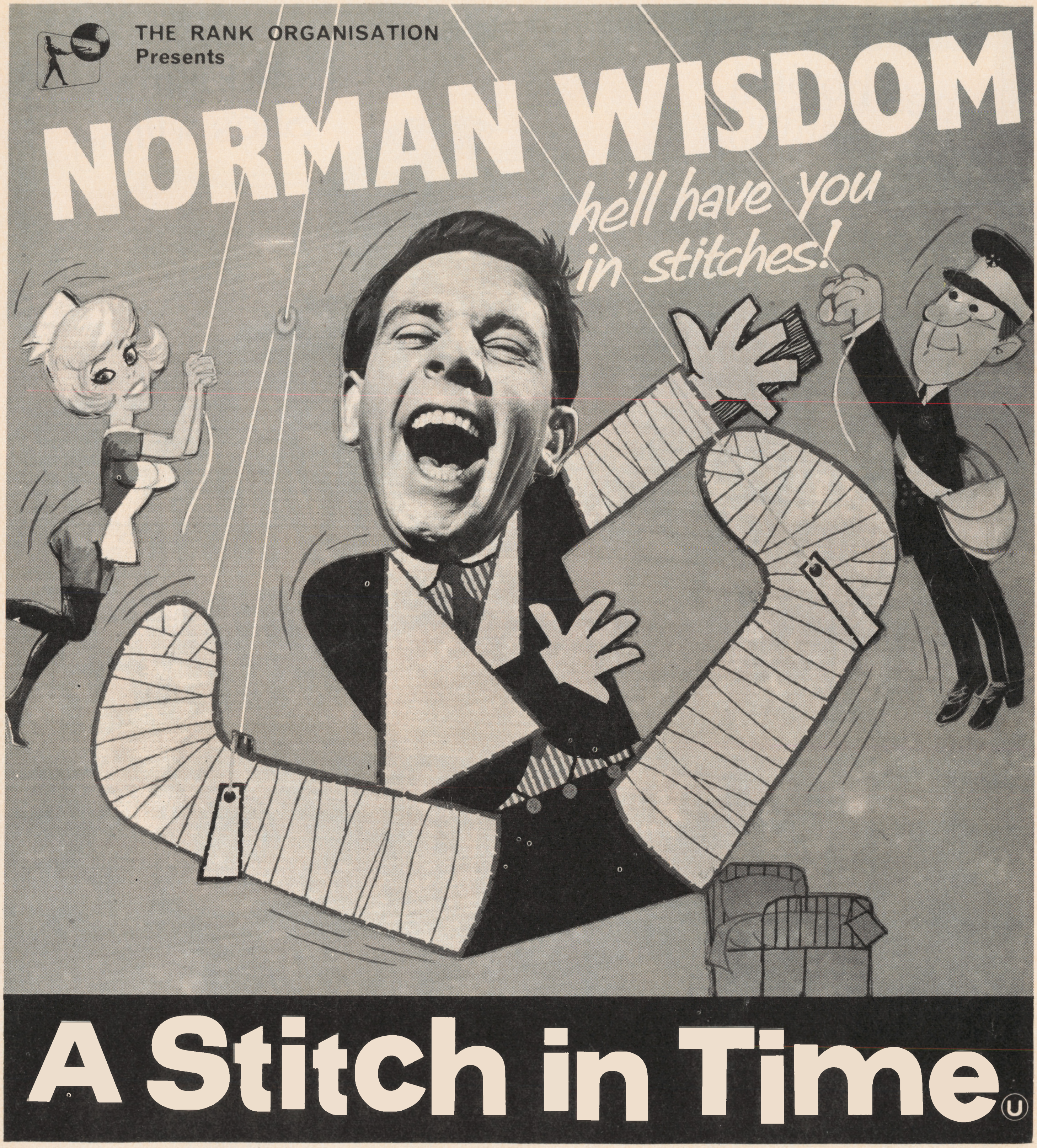
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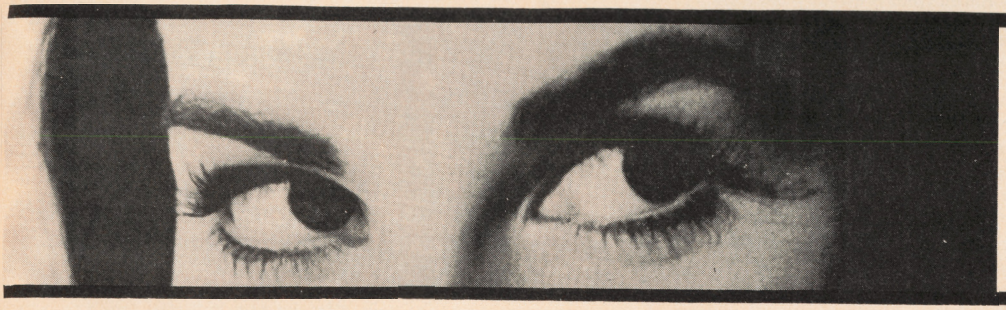


Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

Wisdom In Trouble Again

Dressed as a nurse for his new role in A Stitch In Time.

●It's over ten years since Norman Wisdom arrived at the studios for the first day's shooting on *Trouble In Store*.

Wisdom had proved a tremendous success on TV and in the theatre—but he had not been tried in films. The question was: could he prove as funny on the big screen?

Wisdom knew, before a live audience, he was at home. But to be the star of a picture and keep people laughing for over ninety minutes was a different matter. Making his first comedy became a very serious business. Other comedians had appeared in their own films and not met with the success they had experienced in the theatre and on TV.

But Wisdom need not have worried. *Trouble In Store* proved to be a colossal success. It broke box-office records and established him, right away, as a top film comedian.

Since then Wisdom's popularity has increased with each picture.

Now his tenth comedy for Rank, *A Stitch In Time*, is completed and many who have seen it say it is his best. Significantly it is the eighth to be produced by Hugh Stewart, the fourth to be directed by Robert Asher and the sixth to be written by Jack Davies.

In *A Stitch In Time*, again, Wisdom is in deep trouble. In the film he plays a butcher's assistant. But there's more to it than that. He is—or he tries to be—an angel of mercy bringing new hope to patients in a hospital.

Edward Chapman, Jerry Desmonde and Jeannette Sterke give Wisdom excellent support in helping to supply the laughs.

Few people who saw that famous screen shocker, What Ever Happened To Baby Jane? *will forget it. Now a new thriller is being planned by the same team. The title?* What Ever Happened To Cousin Charlotte? . . . *French actress Dany Saval is to play a leading part in the new Jerry Lewis film,* Leatherneck . . . *Darryl Zanuck has an interesting team for his next film—Tony Perkins and Marcello Mastroianni . . . Richard Burton has some strange costumes for* Night of the Iguana. *He will be seen wearing a double-breasted suit and T Shirt.* Iguana, *written by Tennessee Williams, stars Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Sue Lyon . . .*

Tuesday Weld is to star with William Holden in *The Greatest Job in the World* . . . Vera Miles is cast with Brian Keith and Brandon de Wilde in the new Disney film, *Wild Goose Stop* . . . Producer-Director Marc Lawrence is to film *Nightmare in the Sun*, starring John Derek, Ursula Andress, Aldo Ray and Rita Duncan . . . Mike Conners joins Jack Lemmon and Dorothy Provine for *Good Neighbour Sam*. Connors has won a seven-year contract with Columbia . . .

(Continued overleaf)

The patient looks worried—with Norman in charge who can blame him?

book end ●

Continued from previous page

Janet Munro

I have seen all Janet Munro's films and I have never seen her give a bad performance. In recent years she has emerged as one of our most consistent actresses. Miss Munro's performance in her new film, Bitter Harvest, *is probably her best ever—that's the view of producer Julian Wintle, and I will not argue. In the film she plays a girl "buried alive" in a deserted pit village. She escapes to the bright lights of the city, where she has a chance of happiness, but turns her back on it. For Miss Munro it is her most demanding role—a role worth having. She doesn't waste it . . .*

Look out for Jill Curzon in Disney's *Dr. Syn.* She stars with Pat McGoohan and I predict she will do great things in the coming year . . . It was suggested to Sam Bronston that *El Cid* was, of all his films, his favourite. "I have no favourites," said Bronston. "As a producer I must like them all." . . . *Jason and the Argonauts* will probably be around your way again soon, if it isn't now. Go and see it. For my money it's the best bit of film fun in years . . .

Ann-Margret

Ann-Margret gives a tremendous performance in the new musical, Bye Bye Birdie, *and I can understand why Hollywood people predict she's going to be a big star very soon. Ann, however, is unimpressed by what people say. "Stardom? If it happens, it happens," she says. "There are lots of actresses who are stars and there are lots who aren't. Often those who aren't do better work and have more fun. It depends on your luck . . ."*

From Russia, With Love is going to be an even bigger success than *Dr. No.* It deserves to be—it is a better picture. Now Bond fans eagerly await the third in the series, *Goldfinger* . . . An honest girl is Sally Smith, who stars with James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips and Stanley Baxter in *And Daddy Came Too.* "Acting is the only job I can do," she says. "So I've got to make a success of it. I enjoy the business. I love people saying, 'There's Sally Smith,' when I walk down the street. And if they say I'm the prettiest girl at a party, I won't argue either. In this business a girl should never undersell herself. If you say you're not as good as people think there's a chance they'll believe you . . ."

Stanley Baxter and Sally Smith

Cindy Carol is the third actress to be seen in the role of Gidget. Sandra Dee and Deborah Walley were the first two. Cindy stars in the new Gidget film, Gidget Goes To Rome. *Her boy-friend in the picture is James Darren—and there's no change here. Darren played the boy-friend in the other two Gidget films.*

Marlon Brando, currently starring in *The Ugly American*, put a Tahitian room in his bungalow. During his many trips to the Polynesian archipelagos he collected grass mats, woven reed wall coverings and vegetable-dyed South Sea-type fabrics, all of which he combined for the interior decoration of his quarters. "Now" says Brando, "when I'm in that room I feel I'm on a tropical island . . ."

Cindy Carol

Bronston's Baby . . .
The Fall of the Roman Empire

(Continued from page 17)

I planned if it's really necessary."

Bronston is a producer who judges the success of his pictures only one way—by counting up how much they make at the box-office.

"No one can guarantee a box-office success," he said. "In the old days you could put a star in a picture and know it would make money. But things have changed. There no longer are stars who can assure a box-office success. Even the biggest names in the business have made films that flopped.

"Personally," he added, "I'm not influenced by big names. I have stars in my pictures because, usually, they're pretty professional. I paid Sophia Loren a million dollars to be in *Roman Empire*—but I wouldn't have given her a shilling if she hadn't been right for the part."

Although Bronston can be as tough and ruthless as any film man you're ever likely to meet, all those who work for him—from the stars to the tea-boy—respect him. He is a fair man. He'll put you on the carpet or fire you—but not without good reason.

Stephen Boyd told me: "Sam knows what he wants and he expects, quite naturally, that everyone working for him works as hard as he does—which is damn hard. He spends a lot of money on his films—he can't have people who slack."

Away from the film studio Bronston is a quiet, family man. He has a magnificent home in Madrid and when he's not at his office he can always be found there.

A publicity man on the film told me: "Sam seldom, if ever, goes out on the town. You'll never see him at a night-club. In fact, you get a feeling he has no leisure time."

Sometimes Bronston will have a few friends in for a small party—but even then he will never let his hair down.

"He's a shy man," it was explained to me. "He'll never put himself in a position where he can be laughed at. It would embarrass him terribly."

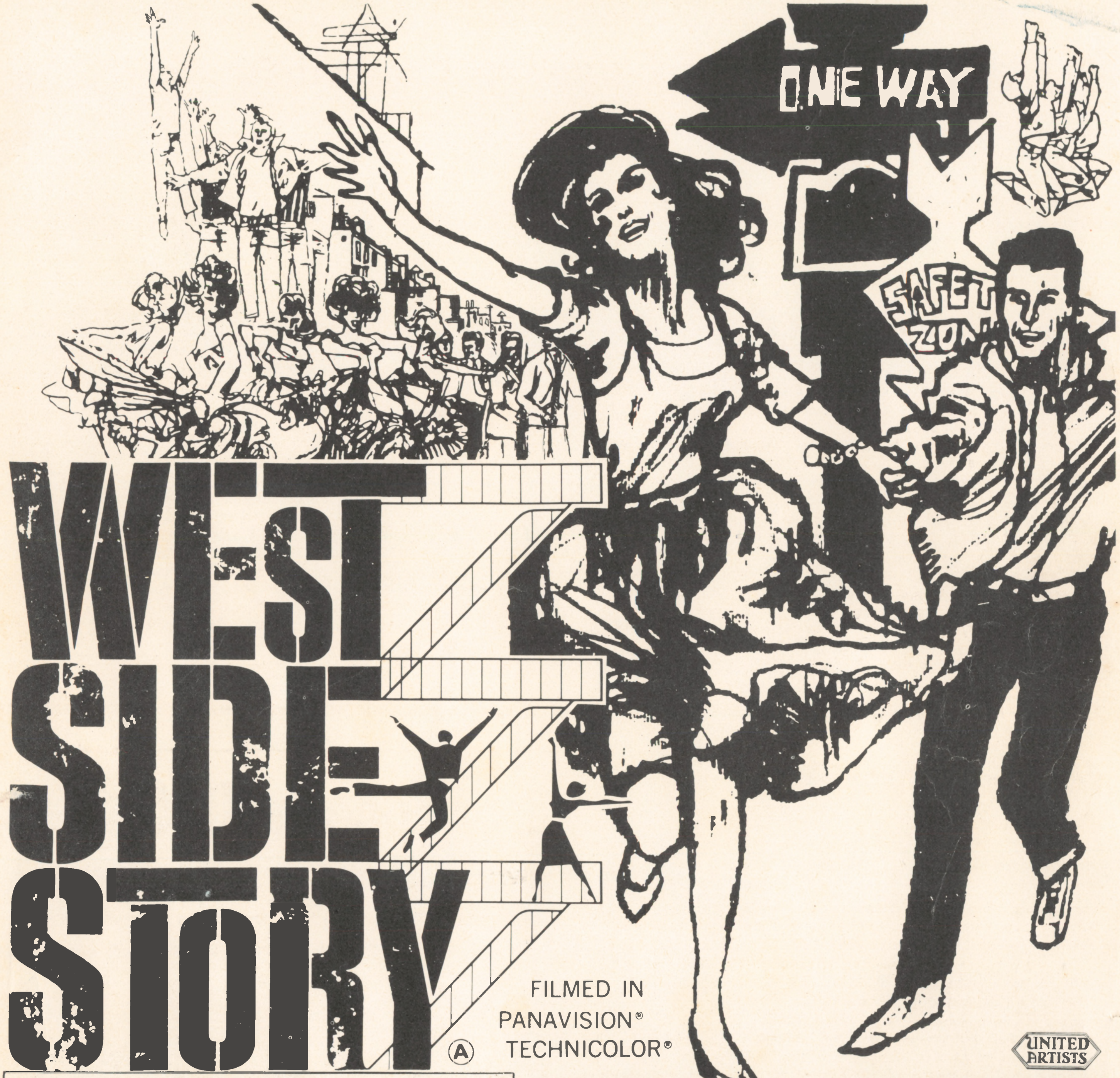
When a man has got millions of dollars at stake it's hardly surprising that he finds it difficult to unwind. And Bronston is continually spending millions—no sooner was *Roman Empire* completed than he was away with his next production, *Circus World*, starring John Wayne.

"A man like Bronston has to work all the time," Guinness told me. "To make the kind of pictures he makes you must always be in the chair."

And so Bronston is in the chair, at his Madrid office, worrying about his "new baby".

Need he worry? Advance reports say that *Roman Empire* is tremendous. Having watched Bronston's director, Anthony Mann, at work I can believe that. The scenes I saw being shot on location just outside Madrid were breathtaking. The film seems a certain winner.

But, as Bronston says, "You never know."



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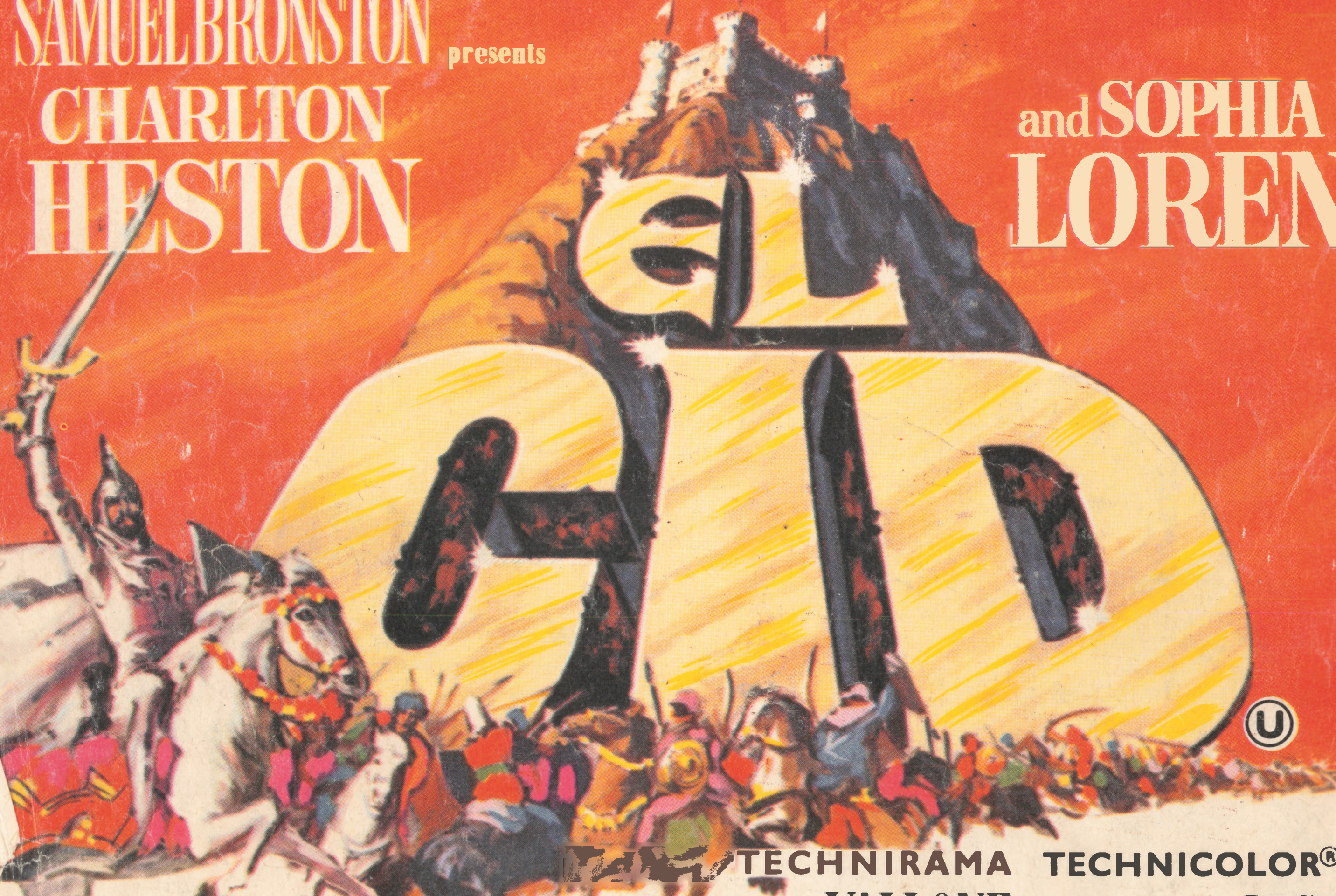

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